Vliſſ. Oh deadly gall and theame of all our ſcornes,
For which we looſe our heads to guild his hornes.
Patro. The firſt was *Menelaus* kiſſe this mine,
Patrolus kiſſes you.
Mene. Oh this is trim.
Patr. *Paris* and I kiſſe euermore for him.
Mene. Ile haue my kiſſe ſir? Lady by your leaue.
Creſ. In kiſſing do you render or receiue.
Patr. Both take and giue.
Creſ. Ile make my match to liue,
The kiſſe you take is better then you giue: therefore no kiſſe.
Mene. Ile giue you boote, ile giue you three for one.
Creſ. You are an od man giue euen or giue none.
Mene. An odde man Lady, euery man is odde.
Creſ. No *Paris* is nor, for you know tis true,
That you are odde and he is euen with you.
Mene. You fillip me a'th head.
Creſ. No ile be ſworne.
Vliſſ. It were no match, your naile againſt his horne,
May I ſweete Lady begge a kiſſe of you.
Creſ. You may. *Vliſſ.* I do deſire it.
Creſ. Why begge then.
Vliſ. Why then for *Veniis* ſake giue me a kiſſe,
When *Hellen* is a maide againe and his ——————
Creſ. I am your debtor, claime it when tis due.
Vliſ. Neuers my day, and then a kiſſe of you.
Diom. Lady a word, ile bring you to your father.
Neſt. A woman of quick ſence.
Vliſſ. Fie, fie vpon her,
There's language in her eye, her cheeke her lip,
Nay her foote ſpeakes, her wanton ſpirits looke out
At euery ioynt and motiue of her body,
Oh theſe encounterers ſo glib of tongue,
That giue a coaſting welcome ere it comes,
And wide vnclaſpe the tables of their thoughts,
To euery tickliſh reader, ſet them downe,
For ſluttiſh ſpoiles of opportunity:
And daughters of the game. *Flowriſh enter all of Troy.*

All.